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Tribe Airport

It is cold. The gray wall behind us is covered with stained maps from the world. Little red crosses on it mark a now far dream, the places we used to remember now are just fading to noise. To the non- changing silver sky where the control towers play chameleon day after day. Sometimes, the sound of a thunder reminds me of the roar of the plane' engines. I turn my head to the large glass windows only to see the quiet monsters arranged in the best pattern according to the position of a stain in the sky. We think it is the sun. They are allowed to move only when the council orders to do so. I wonder what will happen when they run out of gas. What would happen to the crops we grew inside them?. Now “airbus” is just a type of tomato. This week I'm in the workshop trying to repair the main radio that connects together the plane' controllers with the central board. I never thought I had this kind of skills, but after reading the instructions from the portable micro board and its programming language for the first time, I felt at home. Every tribe has its own council and the Federation now includes the tribes that can communicate by teleconference. Every month the meeting is held through the bicycle powered computers. I'm not a superstitious person but sometimes I think we created the Internet because our collective soul

knew what was about to happen. Luckily it still works but, for how long? When will the cables die drowned by our stupidity? Now those roads, cars, ships and every transport is useless. The network it's the only highway we got left.

After my shift in the workshop I meet with Camille by the dry fountain, whose shining aluminium sometimes reminds me of the lights and clarity of a past longer gone.

_ Hi Marcus, wie geht's?

This jolly greeting is a treasure, maybe the only words she has indulged herself to say in her mother tongue. The language of the Airport is English, and she was strangely one of the few Germans present at this airport when Point 0 started.

_ I'm fine Camille, or at least this week. At least I can get away from a delicious week at the methane combustion chambers, you know how disgusting they are.

_ Yes, I know – answered Camille - I don't like them either but you know, laziness is a luxury we can't afford anymore.

After Point 0 (the day we realized we were fucked and isolated), and the initial fights before we lost all contact with outside the airport, the duties were organized in such a way, that there is a rotation system where every person changes tasks weekly and every person must be able to work in every position. As improbable as it sounds, it worked. The diversity of the people trapped in the airport and their several abilities allowed getting to an agreement. After a lot of awful iterations, the amount of engineers, teachers, artists, scientist who were left behind between the waiting rooms made it possible.

_ Are you afraid? - asks Camille with a serene smile, ruins of a extinguish affair between us.

_ No, I know I have to do it. - we don't know exactly how the other communities survived, we only know they are also inside big buildings, hiding themselves from the unbearable wind and the constant rain, which condemned the airplanes to the ground, the cars to the garages and the complete idea of humanity to a fractal of shattered hopes among the mayhem of the climatic chaos. But the network is getting stronger and perhaps in the near future, when we have more time for chitchat, we can tell each other the history of the survival of every tribe. Mine is Tribe Airport. One of the first peer to peer, auto sustainable communities in this wrecked world. Tomorrow I will leave in our experimental vehicle designed to resist the new weather. We will try to reach the coordinates of “Greenfields” - what an irony - 800 kilometers down south.

_ Good luck – as simple as that and she kisses me good night before disappearing behind the forest of dead automatic escalators.

The name of the vehicle is Sunlight 9. It's made of airplanes'-spare parts but any gas engine will do it . Tomorrow I will leave and if we make it, the blueprints of the DIY machine will spread immediately through the network. Perhaps in the near future, we can aspire again to a network of flesh, and to the idea that we deserve a second chance.

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